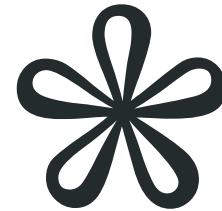
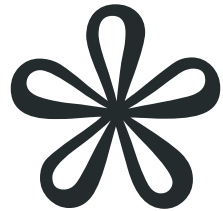


MECCANISMO



OHM 12.9

Long was the rock
because
it was a hard one

– made of love
and Japan, a heavy mortar

where the cigarette has died
a butterfly and Gypsy death

many times over

Impressum:

DISTINCT INSIDE

Hazell, M.; Jankiewicz, P.
for MECCANISMO at OHM, Berlin, 12.9.24

STRATAGEM

the object's genetic weave:
(STIRPE999-curated choice;
Kat Polar; Erhaan Ahmad & Mariella Castelo;
Estera Shein; the textual by Jankiewicz, P.;
the choice of Rooms
based on a curation by Walkowiak, T.)

manifesto & MECCANISMO concept
indicated by Rossi, F. / Fire At Work

lineup:

ESTERA + STRATAGEM
(selection & A/T performance)
Acartep (live A/V)
GOD IS A PERFECT SINE
(Fire At Work / Menion live A/V)
Odra Ode
icansesounds





the sisters are pronounced

one stretched a hand
to pet a dog
on behalf of the other

but Devil, the owner
changed the seat, then, smiling
to face away from them

and both got thinking about him
each in her own different sleaze



MECCANISMO requires complicity in the production of meaning.

MECCANISMO violates the functionality of artistic languages in relation to the cultural system and calls into question their communicative potential without defining roles and objectives.

MECCANISMO frees the ritual from replication and representation by claiming it as a practice of rupture and resistance.

MECCANISMO produces noise.





////////////////////////////////////
PART 2. Object
////////////////////////////////////

There is an object in the room.
Objective, in the room.

– and you smash it.

You smash the object.

Because there is, in fact, something like a reality principle within a fantasy, within utopias – says Jameson – even to fantasize what does not exist, you have to be able to talk yourself into a framework in which dreaming about it is still somehow practically possible –

You need to dream yourself into that state.

Then,

You must become this huge black thing – stirring in the lake of your saliva. To become the two – the enormous blacknessssssssss, that swim, from the opposite sides, in the lake of your saliva.

growing lake of your saliva, the sea

the waves, walking shadows of your fingers

leaving my | mouth

and pressing my dune against yours

locked in the quiet sailing

of your frail thought

when the sun smears the waves, beating

into the voice of the book

the salty strands of the wind



Do. The darkness.
Press it, grain.
In the lengthy, quiet
corridors.
Where women dry
their hair,
noisy beige hairdryers.
Wires drone, aglow.
Burnt air.



Room Three

I'll let you keep the sky
and even all the juice of leaves,
but you need to lead it, by the hand
to a room without a cause
to a rented piece of void,
and a two-day-only week —
Sunday, Monday. Sunday,
Monday.



Room Four

It's waste,
unless it's joy,
this waste land,

chalk, rust,

something that you said,
something that you motioned
with your hand,

and water.

The other person at first is part of the whole, which is given to me like other objects, like the whole world, the "spectacle" of the world. And the other person somehow breaks through this whole, precisely by their appearance as face, which is not simply a plastic form, but it immediately is a commitment for me, an appeal to me, an order, an order for me, to be at the service of this face.

[Levinas]

For the rest, with regard to the heterogeneity of "good" photographs, all we can say is that the object speaks, it induces us, vaguely, to think. And further: even this risks being perceived as dangerous. At the limit, no meaning at all is safer: the editors of Life rejected Kertesz's photographs when he arrived in the United States in 1937 because, they said, his images "spoke too much"; they made us reflect, suggested a meaning— a different meaning from the literal one. Ultimately, Photography is subversive not when it frightens, repels, or even stigmatizes, but when it is pensive, when it thinks.

[R. Barthes, "Camera Lucida"]

For the thinking individual, it must consist in positing himself, on the one hand, within the totality in such a way as to be part of it—in defining himself, that is, situating himself in relation to the other parts, and deriving his identity from what distinguishes him from the other parts with which he compromises himself; but at the same time it consists in remaining outside—in not coinciding with his concept—in deriving his identity not from his place in the whole (from his character, his work, his heritage), but from himself—from being me. The individuality of the I is distinct from any given individuality in that its identity is not constituted by what distinguishes it from others, but by its reference to itself. The totality in which a thinking being is situated is not a pure and simple addition of beings, but the addition of beings who do not make up one number with one another.

[Levinas, "The I and the Totality"]

The other person at first is part of the whole, which is given to me like other objects, like the whole world, the "spectacle" of the world. And the other person somehow breaks through this whole, precisely by their appearance as face, which is not simply a plastic form, but it immediately is a commitment for me, an appeal to me, an order, an order for me, to be at the service of this face.

[Levinas]

For the rest, with regard to the heterogeneity of "good" photographs, all we can say is that the object speaks, it induces us, vaguely, to think. And further: even this risks being perceived as dangerous. At the limit, no meaning at all is safer: the editors of Life rejected Kertesz's photographs when he arrived in the United States in 1937 because, they said, his images "spoke too much"; they made us reflect, suggested a meaning—a different meaning from the literal one. Ultimately, Photography is subversive not when it frightens, repels, or even stigmatizes, but when it is pensive, when it thinks.

[R. Barthes, "Camera Lucida"]

For the thinking individual, it must consist in positing himself, on the one hand, within the totality in such a way as to be part of it—in defining himself, that is, situating himself in relation to the other parts, and deriving his identity from what distinguishes him from the other parts with which he compromises himself; but at the same time it consists in remaining outside—in not coinciding with his concept—in deriving his identity not from his place in the whole (from his character, his work, his heritage), but from himself—from being me. The individuality of the I is distinct from any given individuality in that its identity is not constituted by what distinguishes it from others, but by its reference to itself. The totality in which a thinking being is situated is not a pure and simple addition of beings, but the addition of beings who do not make up one number with one another.

[Levinas, "The I and the Totality"]



Room Five

where's darkness
there's a break

where's a break
there's a memory

free fall
into the principle
that folds the void
and lets us round the corner

where's a world
there's a round-the-corner

in heavy rain sometimes
across the street
and along the queue to the basement



Room Six

This place, this empty room,
where my own being tries to destroy me.

We walk like caged tigers, in circles,
keeping an eye on each other.

The icon, hanging on the wall,
a sister of mercy with a towel
holding her wet hair, tied,
her eyes closed —

looking at us.
The intricacies of self. Watchful.



Room Seven

Stop and drink.
Your friend is here.
Both of you are walking
on the ocean floor,
walking through Berlin.

The city steppe
the winter sun.

Open up
your mouth.



Room Eight

surging, close
feeling cold.
the star of fingers

hung between
the pylons.

all the songs to come
find a string

find the nuclear wind



Room Nine

the clowns are getting violent
always tense, sentimental
paperback

the monsters of the blurb
on the night table, face up
(he needs to call, almost dials)
getting darker by the lamp
fat-fingered humans

////////////////////////////////////

Room Ten

*A naked woman, in high heels,
is standing, bent,
with her face submerged in the mirror, hanging on the wall.*

